

Uncle Tom's Department.

MY DEAR NEPHEWS AND NIECES:—

One day last month I went to a foundry to see how they mould iron. Do you know how it is done? Preparations for it had been going on before our arrival and clay in various beds or boxes had been shaped, leaving the forms unfilled of what required to be moulded. From a furnace somewhere behind, a stream of red hot iron poured out, as water is poured out, and beneath it the men held large pails or tubs, to catch what they wanted; these had long handles, and by them they were soon carried away to make room for others. Between the bucketfuls, a little clay was pushed in the hole and held that whole stream back, then removed again as required. Some places to be filled were small, some large, but when one was filled the men went to another and another, until their load was emptied, then returned and began where they left off. From the larger ones a good deal of gas came off and threatened to hoist off the load of iron, which had been put on to keep it down when this took place. When the iron was pouring out of the furnace, fiery sparks flew thickly around and it seemed impossible for the men to escape being hurt; although they were very, very warm, standing over that cooling iron, there was no hurry and nobody was hurt. Quietly and quickly, and intent on their work, the men went on till the last hole was filled and the six o'clock whistle blew, then vests and coats were put on and with black faces and hands the men went home. After a good wash, and fresh clothes, one of them at least was ready to enjoy a good supper and an evening of well earned rest.

After leaving the moulding-room there were many other interesting things, shaving iron smooth, drilling holes in iron, and doing all the finer finishing touches which are required in our machinery to make them run smoothly.

There are one or two lessons I learned that day; one was, where there is danger to go right along doing one's duty, there is less likelihood of being hurt by the sparks which fly around.

Another was, to work quietly without hurry or bustle and much less energy and nerve power will do, and the work done is better in quantity and quality.

Perhaps, to my nieces and nephews on the farm, the last remark, regarding the workman at home, may carry a lesson. Nice and clean and dressed for supper, how much better it tasted, how much nicer for his wife and family, and in these little things at home be not neglectful, my children. A nice clean table, a clean and happy family around it, is the picture which pleases me at the close of the day, and if that be followed in the Cottar's Saturday night style, on each there is a benediction to themselves and others.

"Cheerily, cheerily, ply the lever
Pause not, faint not, falter never."

UNCLE TOM.

Puzzles.

1—CHARADE.

Come all ye posers of renown,
A moment with me please sit down,
I have a word or two to say,
And then you may go off and play.

Dear "Uncle Tom" is getting old,
And yet you leave him in the cold;
He's been with us this many a year,
What have you done his heart to cheer.

As winter time is coming on,
We'll have more time to puzzles con;
So let us all an interest take,
And send him one for ENTIRE sake.

Pray don't forget the answers too,
It makes our "Uncle Tom" look blue
To see the solvers' list so small—
Send in your answers, one and all.

You may perchance a novice be,
And not well up in history;
But there never was a puzzler yet,
Who was not a "tyro" before a "vet."

Our "Mystic" LAST, the *Advocate*,
Twelve times a year her port doth make.
Her sails are spread, come join the "Dom."
And be a PRIME of "Uncle Tom."

FAIR BROTHER.

2—CHARADE.

To Harry A. Woodworth.

O why did you go? Or why not come FIRST
(Since I find you are still in our sphere)?
O why leave us mourning the loss of your face,
Or excuse me, your puzzles? See here,
I think you are really a bad, naughty boy
To thus turn your back on the "dom."
That cheered you in boyhood; and still worse it is
To desert our most dear Uncle Tom.
Friend Reeve also left us, Lou Cunningham too,
Mattie Woodworth (your sister?) and all.
Amos Howkins and Snowbird, now do you not fear
That TOTAL our structure will fall?
Fair Brother still forms a good pillar, and then
Charlie Edwards is lending his aid;
To LAST off disaster Miss Day gives a hand,
My mite is there too, still I'm 'frail;
So I ask you, friend Harry, to join us again,
You'll be very welcome by many;
We have missed your good puzzles, and this our
restrain
Will sure touch your heart—if you've any.
"Come back, come back, we cry in grief,
Contribute to our paper,
And we'll forgive our cousin dear
For playing such a caper."

ADA ARMAND.

3—HALF SQUARE.

1—A series of small boxes fastened by a strap, and moved by a wheel to raise grain, etc., from a lower to a higher floor. 2—Consisting of thin plates. 3—A bitter white powder of the nature of alkaloid, obtained from the root of the *ipeacuanha*, and forming its chief principle. 4—Essential. 5—A species of indigo plant. 6—To make brown by exposure to the rays of the sun. 7—A connective that marks an alternative. 8—A consonant.

FAIR BROTHER.

4—LOGOGRIPH.

In noise and in sound
My head is to be found,
And my last may be seen in a door;
These both joined aright
Will bring into sight
An insect you've heard of before.

GEO. W. BLYTH.

5—CHARADE.

To Ada:

Dear Cousin,—You'll smile I know,
When you read this charade.
FIRST could not get the answer to yours;
Yes, WHOLE was just too bad.
But the *ADVOCATE* came so late,
And I did not get much time;
But now I must send this puzzle
Which has made an attempt to rhyme.

Of course I am trying hard
This puzzle race to win;
But there are others far better than I
If they would just begin.

But I cannot write any more,
As the supper hour is past;
—I'll leave you to get the answer
While I go down to LAST.

CHARLES S. EDWARDS.

6—DECAPITATION.

When you've waited in vain for your work to appear
In the *ADVOCATE* great and fine,
When LAST Uncle Tom's had it for many a year
And publishes never a line—
Just jump from a steeple and break your neck,
Give him something to talk about;
And when FIRST executors come on deck
Your poems will then come out!

GEO. W. BLYTH.

7—CHARADE.

In the church a quarrel arose,
The SECOND was what no one knows.
But as the quarrel waxed pretty strong;
Each thought the other was in the wrong.
And to the church some would not go,
COMPLETE they disliked the others so.
But if they intend to go some day
To heaven I wonder will they stay away.
If the persons they do not love
Will FIRST living with them above?
Or would they choose to go down below
To live forever in pain and woe?
It seems to me they ought to think
About this, ere they sleep a wink.

CHARLES S. EDWARDS.

8—RIDDLE.

My FIRST occurred some years ago,
An important event to me;
Of my SECOND, three hundred and sixty-five
We every year do see.

The two combined comes every year,
But only once, you know;
Just think a moment and you'll see
With each of you 'tis so.

ADA ARMAND.

Answers to September Puzzles.

- 1—
B
C I C E R
B I F I L A R
B I C I P I T A L
D E L I M I T
R A T I O
R A T
L
- 2—The Western Fair.
3—Henceforth.
4—Winsome.
5—The Letter Y.
6—Season.
7—Bell of Moscow.

Names of those who have Sent Correct Answers to Sept. Puzzles.

Geo. Hagle, T. L. Simpson, Frank Milling, Geo. W. Blyth, Oliver and Addison Snider, Charles S. Edwards, Jessie Cumberland, Geo. Rogers, H. Buxton, Lucy Elmore, Minnie Martin, G. F. Franks.

A Race Week's Sensation.

PART III.

I may not live, madame, to give to you this my confession. My life's sands are almost run, but try I will to send to you this paper and give to you and my dear old master your silver and your ring. Foolish very much I was to love to distraction your servitor, Roberts. I in him believed—his master did not, but sent him away. He desired me wait; he would come or send for me and marry me, which he did. Madame, I was very ill and left you, you may remember, my health to recruit. I married Roberts and for a long while very happy was, and lived in Stranrear. He worked as garcon, attending dinner parties. I had a garden of flowers which I made bouquets to sell, and trimmed ladies' chapeau, and would have been happy had Roberts not liked to have evil companions. He made friends of two bad men, who came to our pretty house, played cards at night and drank and smoked. I could not join in these amusements, so to bed I had to go, not strong but very lonely, but still I loved my husband, though he sometimes said cruel things. One dark night he and the bad men went out together. I had been ill all day. I waited for Roberts to come in until nearly daylight, but he never came. I lay down, and when I rose to make some dejeuner I could hardly walk. I felt some dreadful thing had happened—which did. I never saw my Roberts again. The day following there came news of a sad boating accident—whereabouts unknown—but a boat had been seen drifting seawards keel, I think 'tis called, uppermost. Nothing more known for some days; then a body was seen to float, then two more bodies and a cap with name and address worked—Roberts name—Stranrear. Ill news travels fast. My name was Roberts. Men came, told me, I went to see—saw my husband dead. Saw the two bad men dead, too. I gave my dead husband a clean funeral and I shall soon follow, but I want to tell you this first, dear madame, and pray you to forgive your poor maid Josephine, who so soon will be gone. I opened his boxes—which he never allowed me to do—and I found my dear Mademoiselle Ada's diamond ring. You showed it to poor Josephine that dreadful day, and told her you had left it on the mantle-piece. I was desired by Roberts to open the dining-room window that dreadful night. I was so bound to him, I did so, but I swear I only thought he wanted to look round his old home before he went away next day forever to Canada, from which place he told me he would send for me. I was innocent and believed him, and did so. Dear madame, I live not long; forgive. The next day I too surely knew what all meant, but I was mad enough to receive a letter from him afterwards and agree to go to him. I went, and now the end has come to me, as it did to him. I restore to you your silver. There was one good spot in Robert's heart—he loved his young mistress, and never parted with his share of the booty, but kept all, as you see. I am certain he meant to restore all; and I do so now from him and me. I have often wanted, but I give you all back. Parted I with nothing. So, dear madame, perhaps the good Lord will forgive me my weak share in the robbery. And now, when I go to live my short life with the blessed nuns in Saint Mary's, who know my story and have promised to bury me, I shall ever praying keep for my husband and for you, and my old master and I say good-bye. The Virgin bless you. AMEN.

This was the letter we read together. The entire events of these two past years joined together seemed so like what one would read of, that I have been persuaded by friends to write them out and send my tale to Canada, where Fred is now working. He liked the idea of Canadian farming, so went; and likes the country of his adoption so much that we look forward to joining him one day.